THE WORLD.

NUMBER CCII.

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To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *November* the 11th, 1756.

Th' adorning Thee with ſo much art,
Is but a needleſs ſkill. COWLEY.

IT is a general obſervation, that the character and diſpoſition of every man may, in ſome degree, be gueſſed at from the formation and turn of his features; or, in other words, that the face is an index of the mind. This remark is certainly not without foundation; nevertheleſs, as men do not make themſelves, but yet are maſters of their wills and actions, frequent inſtances happen, in which this rule is found to fail, and appearances contradict reality.

I HAVE often thought that a ſurer way might be found of diſcovering the ſecret notions and bias of each perſon; and that if inſtead of conſulting the phyſiognomy, we were to have recourſe to ſuch things as are the immediate objects of choice and fancy, we ſhould arrive at a truer knowledge of the perſon who adopts them. The beſt clue we can lay hold of for this purpoſe is, in my opinion, the different modes of covering and adorning the body, or whatever is compriſed under the idea of DRESS. The Spaniſh proverb ſays, "Tell me what books a man "reads, and what company he keeps, and I will tell "you what manner of man he is." It may be ſaid with equal propriety, tell me how ſuch a perſon *dreſſes*, and I will tell you what he is. In fact, nature herſelf, by the appurtenances and ornaments which ſhe beſtows on different animals, ſeems to ſhadow and point out their latent qualities. Who can ſee the peacock ſtrut and ſpread his gaudy train, without conceiving an idea of the pride and vanity of that fop among birds? The lion, wrapped up in the majeſty of his mane, fills us with notions of the grandeur and nobleneſs of his nature. It is the ſame with men. What nature gives to irrational animals, man, by the help of art, ſupplies to himſelf; and in the choice and arrangement of his DRESS, ſpeaks his real notions and ſentiments.

IN a theatre, which is the glaſs of faſhion, and the picture of the world, it is well known that a ſtrict attention is always paid to what is called the *dreſſing* of the characters. The miſer has his thread-bare coat; the fop his grey powder, ſolitaire, and red heel: each character hanging out a ſign, as it were, in his dreſs, which proclaims to the audience the nature of his part, even before he utters a word. The impreſſion which this outward

ward appearance makes upon the mind, is ſo ſtrong, that ſtates and governments have availed themſelves of it for good and wiſe purpoſes. It is certain that the ignorant and vulgar part of mankind are moſt eaſily captivated by what ſtrikes the ſight. Love, it is ſaid, enters in at the eyes: and I am apt to think, that moſt of the other paſſions enter into the mind through the ſame paſſage. Hence the neceſſity of applying to this ſenſe; and hence the origin of DRESS, and the pomp of kings, magiſtrates, and others, calculated (according to Milton) only to

Dazzle the croud, and ſet them all agape.

AMONG the numberleſs inſtances that might be brought in proof of this aſſertion, I have however remarked one, in which the means do not ſeem to me to anſwer the end propoſed, or at leaſt that ought to be propoſed by them. The inſtance I mean is the regimentals now worn in the army. One would imagine from contemplating the profeſſion of a ſoldier, that whatever could moſt contribute towards giving an intrepid maſculine air and look, whatever could impreſs on the ſpectator's mind an idea of courage, fortitude and ſtrength, would be deemed moſt proper to furniſh out the appearance of thoſe, who devote themſelves to all the toils, fatigues, and dangers of war. And yet, who will ſay that our troops ſpeak their profeſſion in any degree by their dreſs? The red, indeed, in which they are clothed, as it conveys the idea of blood, and appears as if ſtained with the colours of their trade, is moſt certainly proper. But what ſhall we ſay for all the other articles of their dreſs? Who that ſees any of them ſo elaborately and ſplendidly equipped in all their trappings, would not be more apt to think by their appearance, that they were going to grace ſome public feſtival,

or to aſſiſt at ſome joyful ceremony, than that they were men ſet apart to combat with every hardſhip, and to ſtand in the rough front of war? When Cræſus, the Lydian king, diſplayed his heaps of treaſure to Solon, the philoſopher told him, that whoever had more *iron*, would ſoon be maſter of all his *gold*; intimating that ſhew and pomp were of no account, compared to what was really uſeful, and that riches in themſelves were of no value. To adapt this to our preſent purpoſe, would not a ſort of dreſs, calculated to help and defend the wearer, or annoy the enemy, be more ſerviceable than all the pride and tinſel that runs through the army from the general to the private man?

THE ancient rude Britons ſeem to have had a better taſte, or at leaſt, more meaning in their method of adorning themſelves, than their poliſhed deſcendants. As they were all ſoldiers, Cæſar tells us, they uſed to paint their bodies in ſuch a manner as they conceived would make them appear terrible to their foes. Inſtead of powdering and curling their hair, they wore it looſe, like the old Spartans, who always combed it down to it's full extent; and as the admirable author of Leonidas expreſſes it, "clothed their necks with terror." For my own part, I cannot look on our troops, powdered and curled with ſo much exactneſs, without applying Falſtaff's expreſſion, and thinking indeed that they are *food for powder*. Nor can I behold the lace, and all the waſte of finery in their clothing, but in the ſame light that I ſurvey the ſilver plates and ornaments of a coffin: indeed I am apt to impute their going to battle ſo trim and adorned, to the ſame reaſon that the fine lady painted her cheeks juſt before ſhe expired, that ſhe might not be frightful when ſhe was dead. To aſk a plain queſtion,

where

where is the need of all this finery? "Will it (as Fal-"ſtaff ſays of honour) ſet a leg? No. Or an arm? No. "Or heal the grief of a wound? No. It has then no "ſkill in ſurgery, and is a mere ſcutcheon."

When I conſider the brilliant, but defenceleſs ſtate, in which our troops go to battle, I cannot help wondering at the extraordinary courage they have always ſhewn; and am pleaſed to find that they unite in their perſons the ancient and modern ſignification of the word *brave*, which implied formerly only finery or ornament, but in it's preſent acceptation, means courage and reſolution. They are indeed both brave and fine; brave as it is poſſible for *men* to be, but finer than it is neceſſary for *ſoldiers* to be: ſo that what Cæſar ſaid of *his* troops, may with great juſtice be applied to *ours*, *Etiam unguentatos bene pugnare poſſe*. In ſpite of their finery and perfumes, they are brave fellows, and will fight.

I have been led to conſider this ſubject by a ſhort copy of verſes, lately ſent me by a friend, preſenting a picture of a modern warrior preparing for battle. Homer and Virgil deſcribed *their* heroes arming for the fight; but my friend exhibits *his* hero dreſſing for the fight; it being obſervable, he ſays, that our military gentlemen uſe at preſent no more armour in the day of battle, than they do when they go to church, or pay a viſit to a miſtreſs.

THE MODERN WARRIOR.

THE trumpet ſounds. To war the troops advance,
Adorn'd and trim—like females to the dance.
Proud of the ſummons to diſplay his might,
The gay Lothario dreſſes *for the fight.*
Studious in all the ſplendor to appear,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!

His